THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBYNS & WALLER.

ORIGON, : : : : MO

REFLECTED GLORIES.

Like some great tear transformed to liquid gold,
The evening star floats tremulously clear,
And round it forms of crimson cloud appear,
Whose beauty makes the heart leap to behold;
Reflected and repeated many fold
Upon the gentle river flowing near,
To loving eyes a beauty shines, more dear
Than star and cloud in their own place can hold;
For lo! the glories of the waning West
Are wrought to lovlier issue by the play
Of wavering lights, and ceaseless interflow
Of form and color on the river's breast,
Where Mystery seems her heavenly hand to lay,
And somewhat of diviner grace bestow.

IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

In the old church tower,
Hangs the bell;
And above it on the vane,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Cut in gold St. Peter stands
With the keys in his two hands,
And all is well.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell.
You can hear its great heart beat,
Ah! so loud and mild and sweet,
As the parson says his prayer
Over happy lovers there,
While all is well!

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell.
Deep and solemn. Hark! again,
Ah! what passion and what pain!
With her hand upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest
Where all is well!

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell—
A quaint friend that seems to know,
All our joys and all our woe;
It is glad when we are wed,
It is sad when we are dead,
And all is well.

TO LET---KIPPLE GRANGE.

Mr.. Pixley was a real estate agent. Mr. Pixley had had a goodly number of houses on his list in his time, but never one so persistently, unalterably, perseveringly on his list as Kipple Grange. Year after year it had figured on his books as a "Desirable Country Residence at reasonable terms;" year after year it still hung hopelessly on his hands.

Nor was Mr. Pixley the only real estate agent who had wrestled, so to speak, with Kipple Grange. Other land brokers and rent collectors had had their "try" at it, with equally satisfactory results. It had been advertised in newspapers, and posted up on bulletin boards and still it remained "Kipple Grange—To let."

"Hang the old place!" said Mr. Pixley, vehemently scratching his bald head. "I wish it would burn down, or blow away, or something! Its a disgrace to a business man to keep such an eyesore on his list. I've a great mind to put Miss Briggs into it to keep it in order until I can get a better tenant. She wants a place cheap. I'll let her have Kipple Grange for nothing."

So When Miss Briggs came tiptoeing into the real estate office—a faded, melancholy little old maid, leading her terrier dog by its string, and wearing a green veil to neutralize the spring winds—Mr. Pixley told her that Kipple Grange should be hers, for the present at least.

"You'll probably find it lonely," said he.

"I dote on the country, ' said Miss Briggs.

"And very much out of repair," he added.

"I don't doubt but that it will do for me," said the little old spinster, her faded eyes brightening.

"Probably, also, there's a ghost about the premises," jocosely uttered the agent.

Miss Briggs shook her head with a sad smile.

"It's live people I'm afraid of, not dead ones," she replied.

"Well," said Mr. Pixley, "Kipple Grange shall be yours this quarter, if you'll fix up the garden a little, and give the place a lived-in sort of look. Of course it will be for sale, and I shall expect you to do your best for our interests."

And Miss Briggs courtesied, and said, "Yes, she would," and withdrew, greatly elated in spirit.

Upon the same day, the 25th of April, Mr. Beggarall, the real estate agent of Dorchester, let Kipple Grange to old Mr. Hyde, who was a naturalist and a botanist, and an entomologist, to say nothing of half a dozen other *ists*, and who wanted a quiet country home, with woods and meadows in its vicinity wherein to prosecute his beloved sciences.

And Macpherson & Co., of Long Island, made a bargain with the Rev. Mr. Bellairs, an invalid clergyman, who was in search of country air and complete repose. Mrs. Bellairs was a pattern housekeeper, and gloried in the prospect of grass bleaching, new laid eggs, wild raspberries, and plenty of plums and apricots for preserving purposes.

And, strangely enough, it occurred to none of the real estate agents to let the other two know of his action.

"There is never any demand for Kipple Grange," said Macpherson & Co., indifferently.

"I'll write to Hixley and old Mac when I get time," said Beggarall.

"There's no hurry about Kipple Grange," thought Pixley. "If Miss Briggs keeps it from tumbling all to pieces, she will do very well."

Meanwhile Mrs. Kipple herself, the plump widow whose grandfather on the husband's side had bequeathed her the impracticable piece of property, began to think of running down to look at it herself. "They tell me there's no such thing as letting it," said she. "I've a mind to go down and see for myself. One really pines for the country, now that they are selling lilac blossoms and pansies in the street; and I'm quite sure a change of air would do me good. I'll take Dorcas, my maid, and a few cans of peaches and sardines, and we'll picnic at Kipple Grange just for the fun of the thing."

"It never rains but it pours," says the ancient proverb; so upon this windy, blooming April day, when the sunny meadow slopes were purpled all over with wild violets, and the yellow narcissus was shaking its golden tassels over neglected borders of Kipple Grange, the old brick house, which had stood empty for six good years at least, became all of a sudden alive.

It was an ancient, mildewed structure on the edge of the wood, an old red house, whose front garden, tangled over with rose briers, and grown with the fantastic trunks of mossy pear trees and apples that leaned almost to the ground, sloped down to the bank of the merry little rivulet. Here the tiger lilies lifted their scarlet turbans in the July sunshine, and the clumps of velvety Sweet Williams blossomed first and sweetest. Great cream-hearted roses clung against the tumble down wall, and love-in-a-mist, London pride, and all the rare old fashioned flowers of our ancestors ran riot, sprawling across the grass-grown paths, and packing themselves into the angles of the fence, where the honeysuckles had trailed and the scarlet poppies looked like drops of blood. The old garden of Kipple Grange was like a horticultural show gone mad at midsummer. And even now it was sweet with tufts of crocus, blue velvet iris and daffodils, while at the rear rose up the silent hemlock wood, still and scented and emerald green, in the twilight.

Miss Briggs, with her terrier dog her band boxes, and her poor little hair trunk studded with brass nails, had got there early. She opened the windows to let in the yellow glow of the April sunset, kindled a fire with straight sticks on the deep tiled hearth, and was sitting on a starch box turned upside down, and was drinking cold tea, and feeding her dog with occasional scraps of canned beef and baker's bread.

"It seems rather lonely here," said the little old spinster to herself, "and the rooms are very large and dreary-looking; but I dare say I can hire a little furniture in the village, and the garden is really superb. I never saw such tulip roots in my life. And the little brook twinkling at the foot of the wall is an idyl in itself."

Miss Briggs, who had a good deal of poetry in her starved soul, set down the can, and reached over to look out of the window at the golden western sky.

"So quiet, too!" said she; "so secluded!"

But, to her amazement, even as she looked, she perceived the figure of a stout old gentleman, bald and spectacled, and carrying an immense flat travelling case under his arm, who was picking his way among the rose briers that lay prone across the path, stopping here and there to examine the growth of the silver-green house-leeks on the garden wall.

Miss Briggs, who was somewhat near-sighted, jumped at once to the conclusion that this interloper was a tramp. She hurled the tin can recklessly down into the budding currant bushes.

"Go away!" she cried.

Mr. Hyde peered upward. with one hand back of his ear. "Eh?" said he.

"Or I'll set the dog on you," squeaked Miss Briggs, encouraged by the shrill bark of the terrier.

"Woman," said the scientist, "who are you?"

"I'll let you know," said Miss Briggs, waxing more and more excited in her great indignation. "How dare you trespass on my premises?"

"How dare you trespass on mine?" returned the old gentleman, curtly.

"He's a madman," thought Miss Briggs; and she remembered, with a thrill of terror, that there was no key to the big front door, and the bolt was rusted into two pieces.

At the same moment the sound of whooping voices was heard, through the wide, echoing halls, and three chubby lads rushed hilariously in, tumbling over one another as they came.

"Hurrah!" they shouted; "hurrah! Ain't this a jolly old cavern of a house! My! here's a fire; and here's an old woman!"

Miss Briggs, who had drawn her head in from the window, stared at the three cherry-cheeked invaders, who returned her gaze with interest.

"Boys," said she severely, "what are you doing here?"

"Why," said Master Bruce Bellairs," aged eleven, "it's our house. And pa and ma are helping unpack the cart at the south door. And I've got a redbird and Johnny's got a brood of Brahma chickens in a basket, and Pierre has a monkey."

"But boys," said Miss Briggs, with a little hysterical gasp, "this is my house."

"No, it ain't," said the three Master Bellairs in chorus; it's ours. We've rented it for a year, and pa and ma are unpacking down stairs."

"Is that your pa?" asked Miss Briggs, with a sudden inspiration, as she pointed to the old gentleman in the yard, who stood stockstill, like the Egyptian obelisk.

"No indeed!" said Pierre very contemptuously.

"Nothing of the sort," said Johnny.

"Our pa ain't such a guy as that," chuckled Bruce.

"I think I must be asleep and dreaming," said Miss Briggs, as the door opened, and a stout, blooming matron entered upon the scene, with a kerosene lamp in one hand and a basket of carefully packed china in the other, while from her finger depended a bird cage.

"My good woman," said the Rev. Mrs. Bellairs, "I suppose you have come here to see about a situation. If you can bring your references as to character—"

"You are entirely mistaken, madam," said Miss Briggs, with energy. "I am here because—"

But at that moment, Mrs. Kipple herself, with Dorcas, her maid, entered the room. She was a tall, handsome woman, dressed in elegant mourning, and she used an eyeglass as she talked, and somenow she seemed to take up a good deal more room than anybody else. Mrs. Bellairs set down the kerosene lamp and the bird cage, Miss Briggs' terrier stopped barking, and the three boys instinctively retired behind the starch box.

"Who are you all?" said Mrs. Kipple, surveying the scene through her eyeglass. "And how came you to be here?"

"I have taken this house," said Miss Briggs, with dignity.

"So have I," declared the bald-headed old gentleman, who had by this time made his way up into the ruddy light of Miss Briggs' fire and stood there, closely hugging his flat traveling case.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Kipple, "this is very singular. "And I have come here because the house wasn't rented at all.

And then ensued a general chorus of explanations, laughter, and deprecations, whose general effect was heightened by a single combat between Master Pierre Bellair's monkey and Miss Briggs terrier.

"What are we to do?" said Miss Briggs, plaintively looking at the hair trunk studded with brass nails.

"Do?" said Mrs. Kipple, briskly. "Why there is but one thing to do that I see; the house is big enough for us, and half a dozen families to boot. Let us all live here together."

"I am sure I have no objection at all," said Mrs. Bellairs.

"Neither have I," said the old gentleman, setting down his flat traveling case with a sigh of relief.

"Birds in their little nests agree," quoted the Rev. Mr. Bellairs, who had by this time entered upon the scene, with one joint of a bedstead balanced across his shoulder, "and it really seems to me as if we might do the same thing."

So Kipple Grange was let, and good, earnest Mrs. Kipple and Dorcas established themselves in two sunny rooms giving to the south, where the apple boughs brushed against the lozenge-shaped panes of the casement. The Bellairs family settled down all over the rest of the first floor, in a miscellaneous, cosmopolitan sort of a way, mixing up birds, old china, sermon paper, patch-work, and theology in a manner which amazed the precise soul of gentle Miss Briggs. The scientific man perched himself on the top floor, where he could have a good outlook with his telescope, and set up his cases of specimens without let or hindrance. And Miss Briggs herself made a home-like little home on the second story, and devoted her whole energy—and not without some success—to keeping the peace between Chico, the monkey, and Nip, the terrier;

Mr. Kipple, however, got tired of rural felicity, and returned to the city in the Autumn.

Mr. Bellairs received a call to a Delaware parish, where peaches were thicker than blackberries, and the climate was as soft as that of Italy, and he accepted it promptly.

"What shall we do now?" said Miss Briggs, who was disposed to take a timorous view of things.

Mr. Hyde pushed the spectacles on the top of his head. "Don't you like the house?" he asked.

"Yes," Miss Briggs admitted, "I like the house."

"And don't you consider the situation salubrious?"

"Certainly," said Miss Briggs.

"Then," said Mr. Hyde, looking at the edge of his geological hammer, "why don't you stay here?"

"What, all alone by myself?" said Miss Briggs.

"No," said the scientific gentleman; "with me!"

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Briggs.

"We both like the place," said Mr. Hyde, "we like the situation, and we like each other. Why shouldn't we settle down here for life?"

"But I have never thought of such a thing," said Miss Briggs, in trepidation.

"Think of it now," said Mr. Hyde, in accents of scientific persuasion, as he laid down the hammer and took her black mittened hand tenderly in his.

And Mr. Bellairs married them before he went away, and Kipple Grange has never been to let.

A True Story

Pall-Mall Gazette.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has told us that "the school system all through Germany * * * is, in its completeness and carefulness, such as to excite a foreigner's admiration." The following illustration of this is literally true: Herr M., of Weberstrasse, Bonn-on-the Rhine, has four sons, each of whom have passed through the gymnasien course and matriculated at the Bonn University. Adolph, the eldest, is a Landgerichts-Referender (a sort of County-Court Judge); Lorenzo holds the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and is a professor in a public school; Julius is an "advocat," and Theodore holds a Government appointment at Berlin. Adolph and Julius know French and English almost as well as their own language, and they both have such knowledge of Latin as to be able to write it. In one of his examinations Adolph had to write an account of the Punic Wars in Latin, without the aid of a dictionary or any other book of reference. Lorenz has a knowledge of English enabling him to read Shakespeare in the original, and he has published a number of essays on the poet's works. He likewise knows French, reads Italian and Spanish, Hebrew, Anglo-Saxon, and is the author of a Latin treatise on Greek verbs. Theodore speaks with facility English, French and Spanish, and has published a work on political economy..

I entered Herr M.'s school in May, 1877. One day when I had been there about six weeks our class had for translation Grimm's fable of the Wolf and the Man. The wolf, it will be remembered, had been persuaded by the fox to attack the man, and had in the encounter come off second best. Relating afterward his misadventure to the fox, the wolf describes the hunter's knife as a "bright rib, which he drew from his body, and smote me with it so sorely that I was well-nigh killed." After commenting on the wolf's mistake Mr. M. said: "I suppose you know that a woman has a rib more than a man?" Thinking he was joking I merely smiled; but when he began with great seriousness to give as a reason for this extra rib the old story of Adam sleeping in the garden and having a rib extracted out of which to have a wife made, I laughed outright and the old man was greatly taken aback at my incredulity. He assured me that it was really a fact that men were each a rib short, and any doctor would tell me the same. Two of the sons were present, but notwithstanding their great learning in other matters they appeared to be no better informed as to this than their father. The discussion went on, and every body stopped work to listen to it. But no one supported me; on the contrary, I was openly laughed at by some who were university students (that is, who had gone through the gymnasium) for setting my knowledge against the master's. For several days the subject was continually cropping up in class or at dinner, so that every body in the school knew of it. It was becoming a standing joke, and as yet the laugh was against me. At last Mr. M. announced in the open school that he had the previous evening asked some of his medical friends at the Club (die Lese and Erholungs Gesellschaft) about the ribs, and he found that men had as many as woman. "But," he added, half-triumphantly, "Adam may have been one short for all that!" The "school system" which Mr. Matthew Arnold considers so admirable for its "completeness," is one under which, by his own showing, out of twenty-eight working hours per week, ten are given to Latin and six to Greek, while "the natural sciences get two hours in prima and one in secunda; in the rest of the school they are the most movable part of the work, the school authorities having it in their power to take time from them to give to arithmetic geography and history."

Dukes

Saturday Review.

Dukes were unknown in Scotland previous to the year 1398, when, upon the occasion of a meeting between John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster and the Scots Lords to arrange terms of peace, some question of precedence seems, according to the suggestion of Douglas, to have arisen. Robert Stuart, Earl of Fife, was at this time virtually Governor of the Northern Kingdom. His father, King Robert II, was stricken in years; his elder brother, the Earl of Carrack, was in ill health. The English Prince bore the ducal title, and set a fashion for Scotland which was immediately followed. The Hereditary Prince, whose position had so far been sufficiently illustrated by his bearing the old title of Robert Bruce, was now made Duke of Rothesay, in the isle of Bute; while the Regent, as if to dignify his own position to the utmost, was not content to be styled Duke of a single town, or even of a county, but chose a name which, however obscurely, should denote nothing less than the whole of what we know as the Highlands of Scotland. Such seems to be the meaning of the name of Albany. Mr Skene has used the word as signifying Celtic Scotland. It is to be found, slightly disguised, as a name for the whole island in various classical authors. There is no essential difference between it and Albions which occurs in Aristotle. It has often been asserted that the word is an allusion to the white cliffs of our southern shores as they gleam across the channel, while it has also been derived from the same root as Albor Alp, a height. Shakespeare has made good use of the title in *King Lear*, the plot of which is found in many of the old romancing chroniclers, who were particularly in fashion when the house of Stuart ascended the English throne. According to them, the first Duke of Albany was named Magland, and marrying Goneril, one of the co-heirs of Lear, or Llyr, had a son Morgan, who gave his namd to a Welsh county. When Fife chose Albany for his dukedom the meaning of the name had gradually shrunk. Long before his day the Irish historians apply Alba to Scotland; yet the other form of the name, Albion, occurs in an English charter as late as the beginning of the eleventh century; and it is possible that Ethelred, when he styled himself "monarchus totius Albionis," intended to denote that the whole of Great Britian was under his power. Ptolemy, the geographer, mentions a tribe of "Albini," who were among those he enumerates as dwelling north of the Brigantes; and some recent writers have not hesitated to identify them with the inhabitants of what is now called Bredalbane. Be this as it may, there seems little reason to doubt that when the regent assumed the title of Duke of Albany at Scone in 1398 the name signified to him and to his contemporaries that part of Scotland which lies north of the Firths of Clyde and Forth. He had no idea of becoming a Duke *in partibus*. Albany was a place, not merely a name, and we cannot but conclude that its revival implies more than an incidental reference to the Highlands.

Old Mudgeon's Tricks.

And he was full of such tricks. He was a mean, grasping man; and he was fond of a joke, if he could be the joker, and could profit thereby. We speak of old Caleb Mudgeon, whilom a Justice of the Peace and Quorum, in Oxford County, Maine. Once upon a time—in the days before the overland travel by steam—when Addison Latham drove the stage-coach from Portland to Bethel, old Mudgeon took passage with him at Portland, and rode as far as South Paris, where the stage stopped for change of horses, and such refreshments as the passengers might elect at Mason's tavern; and where 'Squire Mudgeon, having ridden as far as he wished, proposed to settle. Latham charged him 50 cents. He objected seriously to the price.

Said he—"You carry a man more'n 50 miles for two dollars; and here you be a chargin' me half a dollar for no distance at all."

Latham told him he had ridden 10 miles; and 50 cents was his usual charge for that distance.

But old Mudgeon declared that he hadn't ridden 10 miles; whereupon Latham grew wroth, and intimated, pretty strongly, that he didn't know what he was talking about.

"Look here, Latham—will you swear 'at I've rid 10 full miles on your stage to-day?"

"Of course I will."

"Mason! where's your Bible? I'm goin' to have this thing done *secundum artem*, as the lawyers say. There! Now put your hand on the Book, old feller!"

Latham did not hesitate. He laid his hand upon the Good Book, and declared, under oath, that he had "well and truly, and in legal manner, carried Caleb Mudgeon, Esquire, 10 full statute miles, as in such cases made and provided, in his public conveyance, yclept a stage-coach," etc., etc.

"Well," said Mudgeon, as he gave the Book back to the landlord, "I s'spose I must believe you now, whether or no. So—there's your fare."

"Not quite, old fellow. Here's but a quarter—two ninepences!"

"Eggs-actly! and that's what's comin' to you. You will just remembe. 'at the law allows me 25 cents for administerin' the oath! D' you see it?"

Yes, Latham saw. And though it cost him a little something at the time, yet in later days no man enjoyed telling the story more than he did.

The Young Lawyer's First Case.

Quincy, Ill., Argo.

The young lawyer conducting his first case before a jury is worthy of the deepest commiseration. Take him, for instance, in the criminal court, before which he has a case. While the prosecuting attorney is tying the first witness into bowknots and untying him again, the amateur sits listening, but endeavoring to look as unconcerned as a marble statue in a thunder-storm. He He throws in timid objections every time he thinks he sees a hold, and as each one is overruled by the court, he puts on a stern look, as much as to say, "I'll knock the wind out of that in the Supreme Court!" When the prosecutor, usually an old, able attorney, dryly says. "Take the witness," the youthful aspirant trembles a little and endeavors to swallow something that is sticking in his throat. He feels that every eye in the room is upon him and that they are as hot as stove-lids.

He fires a few initiatory questions at the witness, and warms as he proceeds, until he is brought up standing by, "Oh! your honor, we object to such irrelevant questions," followed by a few scathing remarks from the prosecutor. The court sustains the objection, and advises the young lawyer to keep within the bounds, which sets him to wondering where in thunder the bounds are. Objection follows objection, and each one is promptly sustained. He wonders why it is that a free and independent people will tolerate such one-sided justice. He lunges ahead blindly now, until he becomes so confused that he does not know whether he is a practising attorney with a gilt sign or a fly-wheel on a steam wood-saw. Finally he run out of questions, and with a sigh of relief or something, tells the witness, "That's all." So he grinds through, and at last the prosecutor rises and proceeds to address the jury in a masterly style. As he progresses, he picks up the evidence adduced by the defence, into particles fine enough to be incorporated into codfish balls. The youthful Blackstone wrestler begins to feel uneasy as his mind reverts to the fact that in a few moments he must deliver his maiden speech.

He wishes the prosecutor would hold his grip and keep it, until time to adjourn court, feeling satisfied that he could make a good speech the next day after a night's fighting on the evidence. He tries to remember what the witness swore to, but cannot recall the evidence to save his life. The prosecutor finally winds up with a grand peroration, and as he says: "And in conclusion, gentlemen of the jury," the youth nervously fingers his mustache, and wishes he had never begun the abominable business. Cold chills are fingering him all over the back as if measuring him for a new shirt, and his spinal column acts like it was tired and wanted to sit down awhile. Like Banquo's ghost, the lump in his throat wouldn't stay down, by an obstinate majority, and he swallows at it and wonders what he is going to say and how long it will take him to say it. As the prosecutor calmly takes his seat, the young lawyer rises and moves to the front. He dares not look at the audience, and tries to imagine there is no one in the room but himself and the twelve phynx-like forms in the jury box. The eyes of each juror are fixed upon him, and he would almost relinquish his hope of heaven if some one would raise a cry of fire to divert their attention until he gets a start.

Finally he shrugs his shoulders and manages to remark, "Gentlemen of the (swallows) jury." Very good. He then surveys them a moment, and every man in the box thinks he is endeavoring to read their thoughts; but he isn't. He is wishing to gracious he could read his own thoughts. At last he strikes out and goes for them about their intelligent looks, and how he feels that his client's interests are safe in their hands. At the same time he feels serious doubts as to their safety in his own hands. He worries through his speech with an average of two swallows at that lump to the sentence. The prosecutor closes his argument and the case goes to the jury, who retire to a secluded room to chew tobacco and ask each other what they thought of it. It so happened that the flimsy testimony against the accused warrants a verdict of "not guilty," whereupon the amateur grasps his client's hand, and whispers, "It was a hard fight, but I got you out of it!" Then he rises, loads up enough law books to swamp a mud-scow, casts a triumphant look at the prosecuting attorney, who smiles pleasantly in return, and walks slowly and majestically down the aisle to the door with as much dignity as if he owned a Western railroad. Oh, you can't deny it, even you old veterans—you've all been there.

Sayings, and Who First Said Them.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakspeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer—for to him we owe: "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to the sticking place" (not point), "They laugh that win," "This is the short and the long of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives us "The almighty dollar."

Thomas Morton queried long ago: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers: "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs."

Charles C Pinckney gives "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us: "It's an ill wind turns no good, "Better late than never," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin."

"No pent-up Utica contracts our power," declared Jonathan Sewell.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least," and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior.

We are indebted to Colley Cibber fo the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again."

Johnson tells us of "A good hater," and Mackintosh made the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

"Variety is the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear," are from Cowper.

"Man proposes, but God disposes," is from Thomas A'Kempis.

Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark," "A fool at forty is a fool indeed." But, alas! for his knowledge of human nature when he tells us "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

"From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love."

Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life."

Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever" is from Keats.

"Franklin said "God helps those who help themselves," and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with the thought, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Even some of the "slang" phrases of the day have a legitimate origin. "Putting your foot in it" is certainly not a very elegant mode of expression, but according to the "Asiatic Researches" it is quite a fine point of law, for when the title to land is disputed in Hindostan two holes are dug in the ground and used to enclose a limb of each lawyer (?,) and the one who tires first loses his client's case. Fancy, if you can, some of our "limbs of the law" pleading in such a manner! It is generally the client who "puts his foot in it."

When things are in disorder they are often said to be topsy-turvy. This expression is derived from the way in which turf used for fuel is placed to dry, the turf being placed face downward, and the expression then means top-side turf-way.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE THREE WISE COUPLES.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.

Three wise old couples were they, were they,
Who went to keep house together one day,
Upstairs and down-stairs one couple ran,
He with his ulster, she with her fan.
"Fresh air!" cried the wife, "is the thing for me."
"Shut the windows,—I'm freezing!" said he.

The second couple, with basket and gun,
Went hunting for spiders, one by one.
Into the corners they poked and pried:
"There's one! I'll shoot him!" the husband cried.
While his wife exclaimed: "When the basket's full,
I can sell the spiders' webs for wool."

But the wisest couple of all the three
Said: "We will a traveling circus be!"
"You," cried the wife, "the bear must play,
Up on the ladder you ought to stay,
And I'll carry the club, because, you know,
I'll have to beat you, your tricks to show."

So the man in the ulster was frozen stiff,
While his wife did nothing but fan and sniff.
The hunter was stung by a cross old spider,
As he very imprudently sat down beside her.
And his wife, who was gathering webs for wool,
Used him to make up a basket full.

But the man who learned the bear to play
Lived on the ladder for many a day.
He stole the club and he wouldn't come down,
So his poor wife carried him through the town,
And all the people said: "Let's go
To see the bear and the circus-show!"

Edna's Trial.

"Mamma, there is one thing I am sure of, and that is, that I can never be good as long as I have to live with Sandy."

"Oh, Edna, think a moment—do not speak so; you are blaming your brother for your own naughtiness."

"Well, he makes me naughty. I'm always worse when he's in the house. Doesn't that show that I'm not really so bad? I want to be good and keep my temper, but as soon as Sandy comes where I am, he is sure to do something to vex me, and I can't help getting cross and saying something hateful!"

"Come here, my dear;" and the mother laid down her work with that pleasant way which mothers have of showing that they are willing to give their whole attention to the case in hand. Drawing Edna close to her side, she said. I will tell you what it shows. It shows simply that you are not strong enough to resist strong temptations. Nothing is easier for us all than to think ourselves angelic because we happen to live with people of easy tempers, or who smooth our way for us with kindness and love. And I think it shows something else, too—that you have not that true sisterly feeling toward Sandy which should make you bear with him in spite of his faults and annoyances."

"I don't think he's got a very brotherly feelng toward me, or he wou'dn't treat me so!" muttered Edna.

"I don't defend his conduct," replied her mother. "You know that I have reproved and punished him for irritating you; but I want you to see plainly that what he brings out is really in you, else he could not bring it out. It might be possible for a person to live for years without doing anything flagrantly bad: he might, on the whole, seem to be quite good enough; and yet this same person might in the end do some very dreadful things, thus showing himself to have been full of the possibilities of wickedness all the time."

"I don't think I quite understand you, mamma."

"Well, I will try to make it plainer. You remember the poor little girl with spine disease whom I took you to see last winter, and you remember that her mother also was humpbacked. When Emmy was born, though she was straight and well-formed, yet the doctors said it was not unlikely that she would inherit her mother's disease—that is, that the germ or seed of the disease was probably in the baby's blood and would develop some day, sooner or ater. Yet for twelve years there was no sign of such a thing happening. Emmy grew tall and seemed well and strong. But the day came at length when she had a fall, bruising her back, and then the dreadful disease, which had been lying quiet for years, just waiting for a chance to show itself, made its appearance, and poor Emmy is helpless for life. Now, you know that many people get very bad falls without serious injury. They can even hurt their backs without having spinal complaint as a necessary consequence; but this case of Emmy's shows that the bad seed was in her all the time. The fall did not put it there, but only brought it out. Some other fall, a bruise, some illness, would have been almost sure to have brought the same result. And now must I apply my illustration, or does it explain itself?"

Edna looked up with a very knowing expression, and said: "I see what you mean, mamma. I know now that the badness is in me, and that if Sandy did not start it, somebody else would some day. I cannot be sure I am good until I have resisted the hardest temptations."

"Yes; trials are not sent to make us bad, but good—or rather, they are to show us how much good and how much bad we have in us—how weak we are and how strong. Remember Jesus in the wilderness. If temptations had power in themselves alone to corrupt surely it would seem he might almost have fallen. The devil tried him hard and long, but he found him unconquerable—incorruptible. Thomas a Kempis once wrote certain words which I will repeat to you, hoping you will think of them the very next time Sandy comes in your way. They are true, are they not?—"

"'Occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.'"

It's Quite True.

"That is a terrible affair," said a hen; and she said it in a quarter of the town where the occurence had not happened.

"That is a terrible affair in the poultry house. I cannot sleep to-night! It is quite fortunate that there are so many of us on the roost together!"

And she told a tale, at which the feathers of the other birds stood on end, and the cock's comb fell down flat. It's quite true!

But we will begin at the beginning; and the beginning begins in a poultry house in another part of the town. The sun went down and the fowls jumped on their perch to roost. There was a hen, with white feathers and short legs, who laid her right number of eggs, and was a respectable hen in every respect. As she flew up on to the roost she picked herself with her beak, and a little feather fell out.

"There it goes!" said she; "the more I pick myself the handsomer I grow!" And she said it quite merrily, for she was a joker among the hens. though, as I have said, she was very respectable; and then she went to sleep. It was dark all round; hen sat by hen, but the one that sat next to the merry hen did not sleep. She heard and she did not hear, as one should do in this world if one wishes to live in quiet; but she could not refrain from telling it to neighbors.

"Did you hear what was said here just now? I name no names; but here is a hen who wants to peck her feathers out to look well! If I were a cock I should despise her." And just above, the hen sat an owl with her husband and her little owlets. The family had sharp ears, and they all heard every word that the neighboring hen had spoken, and they rolled their eyes, and the mother-owl clapped her wings and said, "Don't listen to it! But I suppose you heard what was said there? I heard it with my own ears, and one must hear much before one's ears fall off. There is one among the fowls who has so completely forgotten what is becoming conduct in a hen that she pulls out all her feathers, and then lets the cock see her."

"*Prenez garde aux enfants*," said the father-owl. "That is not fit for the children to hear."

"I'll tell it to the neighboring owl; she's a very proper owl to associate with," and she flew away.

"Hoo! hoo! to-whoo!" they both screeched in front of the neighbor's dovecote to the doves within. "Have you heard it? Have you heard it? Hoo! hoo! there's a hen who has pulled out all her feathers for the sake of the cock. She'll die with cold, if she's not already dead."

"Coo! coo! Where! where?" cried the pigeons.

"In the neighbor's poultry yard. I've as good as seen it myself. It's hardly proper to repeat the story but it's *quite* true!"

"Believe it! believe every single word of it," said the pigeons; and they cooed down into their own poultry yard, "There's a hen, and some say that there are two of them that have plucked out all their feathers, that they may not look like the rest, and that they may attract the cock's attention."

"That's a bold game, for one may catch cold and die of a fever, and they are both dead."

"Wake up! wake up!" crowed the cock. "Three hens have died of an unfortunate attachment to the cock. They plucked out all their feathers. That's a terrible story. I won't keep it to myself; let it travel farther."

"Let it travel farther," piped the bats, And the fowls clucked, "Let it go farther! Let it go farther!"

And so the story travelled from poultry yard to poultry yard, and at last it came back to the place from which it had gone forth.

"Five fowls," it was told, "have plucked out all their feathers, to show which of them had become thinnest out of love to the cock; and then they have pecked each other, and fallen down dead, to the shame and disgrace of their families and to the great loss of their proprietor!"

And the hen who had lost the little feather of course did not know her own story again; and as she a very respectable hen said, "I despise those fowls; but there are too many of that sort. One ought not to hush up such a thing, and I will do what I can that it may get into the papers, and then it will spread over all the country, and serve those fowls quite right."

It was put into news papers; it was printed; and it is quite true that one little feather may swell till it becomes five fowls.

Benefit of Drought.

Many years ago, when a portion of New England suffered severely from a long continued drought, there appeared in the *Transcript*, published at Portland, Maine, the following interesting article:

"Everybody says this is a most remarkable season, the dryest that ever the country knew. Still we are taught that everything has its uses; and a dry time is not to be considered an exception to the rule. As the drought is now with us in all its severity, it is a good time to set about the disvovery and due appreciation of its compensations. If it turns out to be a blessng in disguise, we shall be all the happier for a knowledge of the fact. Drought is nature's plan for re-invigorating the surface soil, a substitute for subsoil plowing, so much neglected by some farmers. By repeated cropping the surface soil becomes exhausted of its fertilizing materials; but away down in the earth there are great stores of these indispensable elements of vegetable products. How to reach them is the question. Man might if he would, but in most cases he is too lazy, or too self-conceited, to be at the pains. So the good Creator, in his beneficence, sends a drought to draw up the phosphates, silicates, carbonates and salts, and thus restore the fertility of the cultivated soil. This is accomplished by sun-power, like all the great movements of nature's forces. The sun's rays evaporate the water in the surface of soil, and thus create a vacuum that is at once filled by water rising from the subsoil—extending deeper and deeper as the drought continues and the moisture is exhaled—a circulation of water in the earth a reverse of that which takes place in wet weather. Now this water, which comes from the depths of the earth, has acquired in its passage thither, by becoming imbued with carbonic acid from the decomposition of vegetable matter in the soil, a power of readily dissolving minerals which it did not possess when it first fell from the clouds. Consequently, when it is drawn up during the drought, it brings with it, in solution, salts of lime and magnesia, of potash and soda—just the things of which the top soil has become exhausted. Every drop of water is a tiny bucket let down into the great storehouse of the earth and drawn up again by the sun's rays filled with the fertilizing elements necessary to vegetation. The water on reaching the surface is evaporated; the salts remain to reinvigorate the soil. Thus while vegetation apppears to be withering in the heat, the great forces of nature are beneficially employed in bringing to the surface, from the depths of the earth where else they would be forever unemployed, the elements of future harvests."

At a church in Ellis county, Texas, on a recent Sunday, a man was shot and killed. "Now, look here," said the preacher, pausing a moment, "I must insist that there be no further interruptions. How do you suppose a man can go on preaching when you annoy him in this way?"

Wide-awake: "Come, now, guess what my favorite flower is," said the spinster housekeeper to the widower's little boy, as they were walking in the fields together. He was a lad who kept his wits about him and his eyes open, so he answered as he looked up with an arch expression, "Poppy."